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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE LATE MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—[SEE PAGE 310.]

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## THE CLOSING CAMPAIGN.

THE political campaign now drawing to a close has been marked by an absence of excitement which makes it peculiar and unique among our historic campaigns. There has been none of that acute enthusiasm which marks the ordinary canvass, manifesting itself in picturesque popular demonstrations, in the hurrahs of the multitude, and in vehement and eager discussion. It cannot be said, however, that this exceptional quiet has indicated a want of popular interest or indifference to the outcome of the struggle. It is rather to be interpreted as the quietness of determined resolve, begotten of reflection and deliberate conviction. The appeal, on the part of the Republicans especially, has been to the reason and conscience of the voters, and they have had their reward in a quickened appreciation of the gravity of the issues involved. While at the outset it was predicted that the popular vote would fall very much below that of the last national campaign, the indications now are that in the pivotal States it will be fully up to the average. Thus, the registration in the interior and rural districts of New York shows a degree of interest which has greatly encouraged the Republican managers, and in other States of the Union reports indicate the same general concern for a right determination of the contest.

One of the most gratifying features of the campaign has been the utter absence of that spirit of partisan rancor and vindictiveness which too often characterizes our great political struggles. We do not remember any national campaign in which there has been less of "mud slinging" than in that now so near its end. Both the Republican and Democratic candidates have carried themselves with commendable dignity, and their example has largely influenced their followers toward moderate courses. The spirit manifested by Mr. Cleveland in his letter declining to attend the World's Fair demonstration at Chicago, on the ground that he was averse to taking a trip which would be regarded as a political tour while an "afflictive dispensation detains at the bedside of his sick wife another candidate for the Presidency," fairly represents the spirit and temper of the leaders of the two great contesting parties. No act of Mr. Cleveland has done him more credit than the one to which we here refer.

Whatever may be the issue—and at this writing the conditions unquestionably favor Republican success—it will be determined with reference to the issues of the tariff, reciprocity, and the currency. The argument on all these questions has been undeniably with the Republicans, who have been able to point to the beneficent results of the McKinley act, and of the financial policy pursued by that party, as amply and indisputably justifying their demand for a continuance in power. At all points the contentions of the Democracy, especially as to the tariff issue, have been met by facts which could not be overcome, and these have impressed themselves mightily upon the popular mind. Then, too, the conservative business interests of the country, satisfied with the present condition of affairs, are unwilling to expose to hazard the prosperity now enjoyed, and this fact constitutes a buttress and element of Republican strength which no partisan argument has been able seriously to affect. The indications are, too, that the great body of intelligent workingmen of the country will express themselves in favor of the maintenance of the policy which has contributed so largely to their comfort and welfare.

There can be no doubt that, with a fair and full vote in all the States, the country is Republican. If Democratic success shall be achieved it will be due to the failure of Republicans to vote, and to the repressing and intimidating methods employed in the Southern States, joined to frauds upon the ballot in the great communities of the North. It should be the effort of every right-minded citizen, of whatever party, to secure an honest vote and bring to deserved punishment all men, alike of high or low degree, who may attempt to debauch or pervert the suffrage.

## THE LAUREATESHIP.

EVER since the death of Tennyson there has been a deal of discussion all over the English-speaking world as

to who was fit to succeed him as Poet Laureate. As no living English poet approaches Tennyson in eminence, it has been seriously suggested from many sides that there be no appointment made at all and the office be allowed to lapse. As a matter of history the office has never added anything to its possessor's eminence, but has always been just as great or small as the man who held it. Indeed, when, on Colley Cibber's death in 1757, it was offered to Thomas Gray, he who wrote the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," that poet declined it, because, he said: "The office has humbled the possessor hitherto—if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous; and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough even to envy a Poet Laureate." Mr. Gladstone cannot possibly bestow the office—and it may be that the appointment will be made while this paper is on the press—upon a smaller man than several of those who have held it in the past. The first officially appointed Poet Laureate was rare Ben Jonson, who was appointed by Charles I., and this appointment was confirmed by James I. Previous to this Skelton and Spenser had been volunteer Laureates, and Spenser managed by his wit to secure from Elizabeth a pension with the office he had assumed.

Ben Jonson was succeeded by Davenant, the dramatist, and he by Dryden, who was deposed after holding the office eighteen years to make room for Thomas Shadwell. From Dryden's time to Southey's, a period of more than a century and a quarter, the office was held by the "little fry" of whom Gray spoke so contemptuously. When the office was given to Southey it had already been refused by Scott. Southey was Poet Laureate for twenty-one years, and on his death it was offered to Wordsworth, who declined it on account of his advanced years. But Sir Robert Peel urged him to accept, saying: "I will undertake that you shall have nothing required from you." Upon this understanding Wordsworth took the office and held it six years. During that time he wrote as Laureate only one sonnet, and that, characteristically enough, was not addressed to his royal sovereign but to his sovereign self. In this sonnet, speaking of the bays that he bound proudly on his locks of snow, he said:

"There shall they bide till he who follows next,  
Of whom I cannot even guess the name,  
Shall, by court favor, or some vain pretext  
Of fancied merit, desecrate the same.  
And think, perchance, he wears them quite as well  
As the sole bard who sang of Peter Bell."

Considering that "he who followed next" was Tennyson, this sonnet is interesting reading just now. With three such men as Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson as the previous incumbents of the office, Mr. Gladstone will find it hard to select a successor worthy to wear the bays, but he cannot possibly choose a poet of whom posterity will have as little esteem as we have of Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Laurence Eusden, William Whitehead, and Pye, who preceded Southey. Swinburne, Morris, Austin Dobson, Lang Gosse, or even Sir Theodore Martin, will rank well in such company when marshaled on the slopes of Mount Olympus.

## ENGLAND'S INTEREST IN THE AMERICAN ELECTION.

"It is important to know just how long England will stand still and see trade after trade leaving our shores and going to America. The tin-plate industry of South Wales, the plush manufacture at Saltaire, the cloth trade of Bradford, the lace works of Nottingham, are passing over to the other side of the ocean. The new machines which the Yankees invent and the McKinley bill are just ruining our works, while we admit free of duty the meat and breadstuffs of the United States. How long will Great Britain remain tranquil and see her works destroyed?"

The above extract from a recent article in the *Midland Counties Herald* expresses what is undoubtedly the prevalent feeling in Great Britain concerning the protective tariff policy of this country, and its depressing influence on the prosperity of British industries. All accounts agree that British manufacturers are manifesting the greatest interest in the present political campaign in this country. Every one of them hopes for the defeat of the Republicans and the election of Mr. Cleveland. In the manufacturing centres this is especially the case. One of the directors of an extensive iron and steel works recently remarked to a correspondent of this paper: "There is nothing that can happen just now that will affect the future of England so much as the outcome of the November elections in America." Capital and labor are waiting with bated breath for the returns, realizing that the result will decide for years to come the fate of millions of dollars of capital and that of tens of thousands of workingmen. They fear, with good reason, that in the event of the triumph of the protective policy English capital will flow to the United States, and that the Bradfords, the Birminghams, the Nottinghams, as well as the Swanses, the Llanellys and the Landores, will be duplicated in all parts of the Union.

Another gentleman, a prominent member of the Conservative Club at Birmingham, remarked to our correspondent: "Your protective tariff is just ruining our business. No manufacturer can make any money. We know who pays the tax to our sorrow. The lack of dividends and the closing of mills tell a story that cannot be well

gainsaid. Doubtless, if I were in America I would be a violent protectionist; but as it is, I shall do all I can to help the cause of Mr. Cleveland."

A Frenchman who has spent some time in the United States, but who is now established in England, said: "If I were an American and had a vote, the very fact that English capitalists are trying to run an American election would be sufficient to make me, as a citizen of the United States, vote exactly for the opposite party."

It would, indeed, be a strange spectacle to see the American people squaring their industrial policy to suit the wishes of those whose interests are hostile to their own. One of the things most difficult to understand is how any citizen who has a real solicitude for his country's welfare can deliberately vote to destroy a system that has proved itself to be in every way advantageous to the public interests. Every such vote must tend to strengthen the party whose triumph would arrest the investment of capital in domestic enterprises and help to impair the growing independence of American workingmen and the ability of American skill and labor to compete on something like equal grounds in the markets of the world.

## A SIGNIFICANT DELIVERANCE.

THERE is no subject as to which the American people are more sensitive than the preservation of the public-school system from sectarian influence or control. Any attempt to secure the appropriation of public moneys for schools under ecclesiastical management, or to interfere with the freedom of these schools, is certain to arouse vehement and indignant protest. The sentiment of opposition to the encouragement or establishment of any religion or religious order under the sanction of State authority is equally positive and absolute. So pronounced is the popular feeling on this subject that a vigorous movement is now on foot looking to the enactment of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States explicitly providing against dangers from this quarter. At the recent Episcopal General Convention, held in Baltimore, this subject was among the foremost under consideration, and the voice of that church found expression in the unanimous adoption of a resolution of the two houses sitting as a board of missions, as follows:

"That the effort now being made to secure an amendment to the Constitution making it unlawful for any State to pledge its credit or to appropriate money raised by taxation for the purpose of providing or maintaining any institution, society or undertaking which may be wholly or in part under ecclesiastical control, has the cordial sympathy and approval of this board."

When we remember the conservative character of the Protestant Episcopal Church and its indisposition to participate in the discussion of topics which are in any sense political, this action of the Baltimore convention must be regarded as most significant. Nearly all the participants in the debate expressed themselves as unalterably opposed to any assaults upon the public treasury for the furtherance of sectarian ends; and there can be no doubt that if the question could be submitted to the people upon its naked merits, an overwhelming majority would approve the attitude assumed by this great body of influential churchmen.

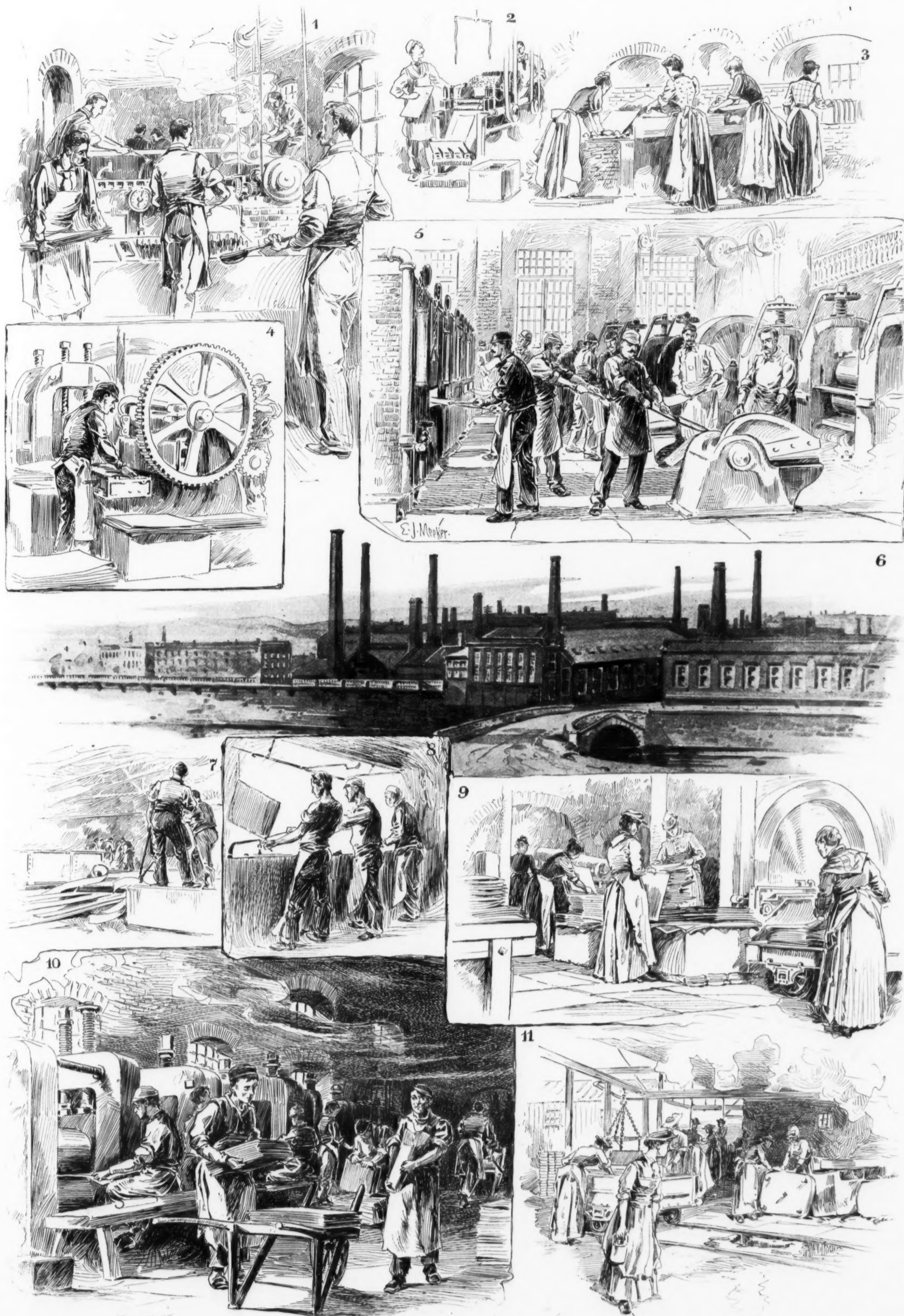
## PROTECTION AND PRICES.

AMONG the more recent defections from the Democracy is that of Mr. Benjamin W. Greer, a well-known manufacturer of worsted goods of Germantown, Pennsylvania. He is unwilling, by supporting Mr. Cleveland and his free-trade theories, to take the risks of the overthrow of the protective system, which, in its general results, speaking from his own experience, he has found to have contributed so immensely to the benefit of the business interests in the country. In an interview with a *Philadelphia Press* reporter, referring to the claim that the consumer is obliged to pay the additional duties imposed by the tariff, Mr. Greer remarked:

"This talk about the consumer suffering is all rot. The fact is that not only better goods are being manufactured here now than before the McKinley bill went into effect, but they are actually being sold cheaper than before the high duty was imposed. In fact, the American goods are fast taking the place of the imported, and the competition through the impetus given to American manufacturing keeps down the prices, and the greater the competition the lower the prices must be forced. In other words, the competition makes the goods cheaper, and the work-people get the benefit of the wages."

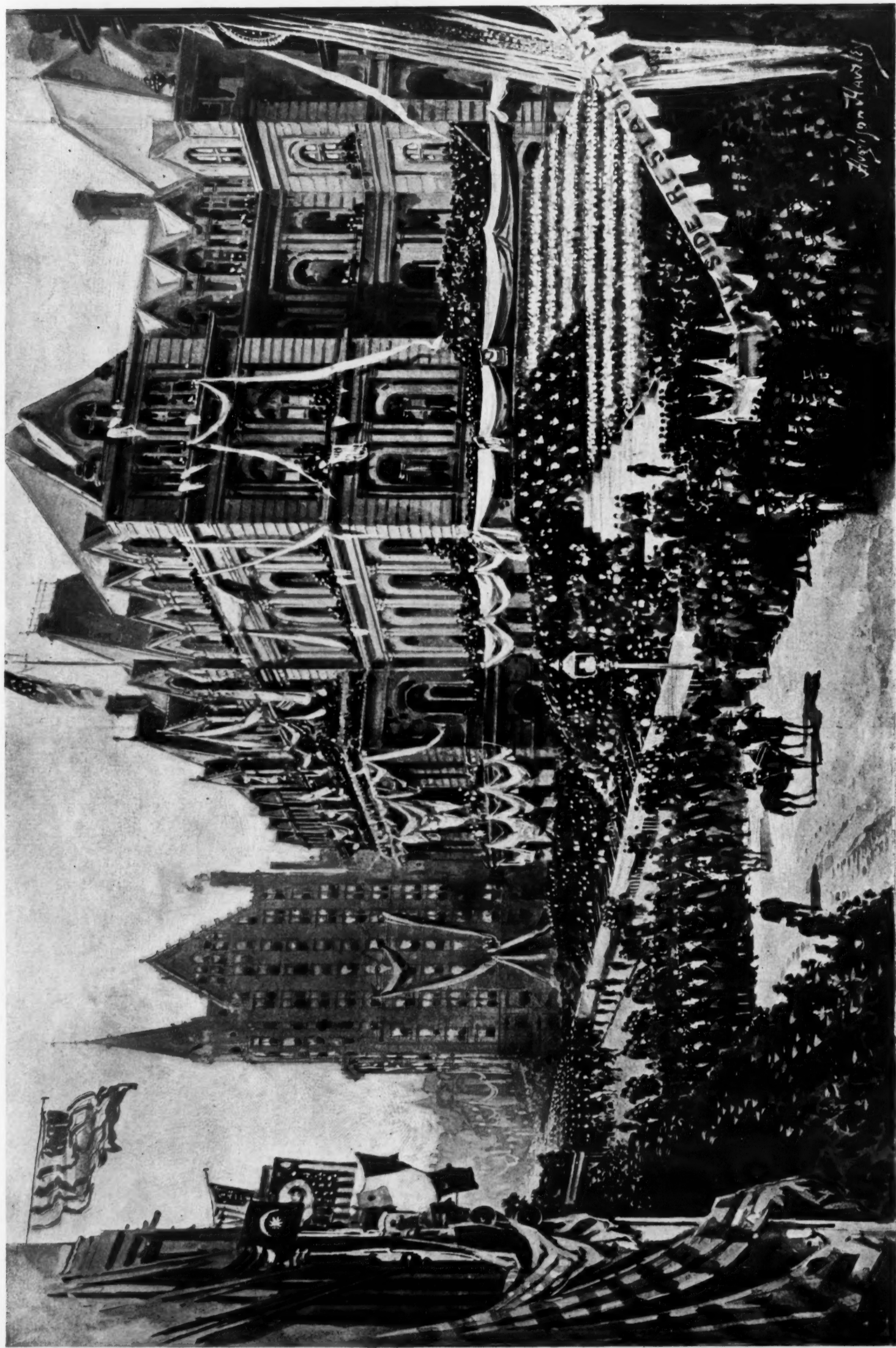
The superintendent of Mr. Greer's establishment, who is an Englishman from the Bradford district, and who, when he came here, was an ardent free-trader, now gives his testimony unqualifiedly in favor of the protective system. He cannot understand how any American workman can possibly vote against the McKinley tariff. In giving his views to the *Press* he said:

"The average wages of weavers in the Bradford and Leeds mills in England is from \$2.85 to \$3 per week. Here it runs from \$7 to \$9, \$10, and \$11. There a fitter can earn 13 to 15 shillings a week. Here he will earn from \$13 to \$15 per week. So far as the necessities of life are concerned, he said that with the exception of house rent the English workman has little advantage over his American brother. But, he added, the American workman pretty largely owns his home, and the English workman doesn't. Clothes can now be bought practically as cheaply here as there, and the American workman would not live on the food the English workman lives on. If the English workman could afford to purchase the food the American workman eats it would cost him as much as it does here."

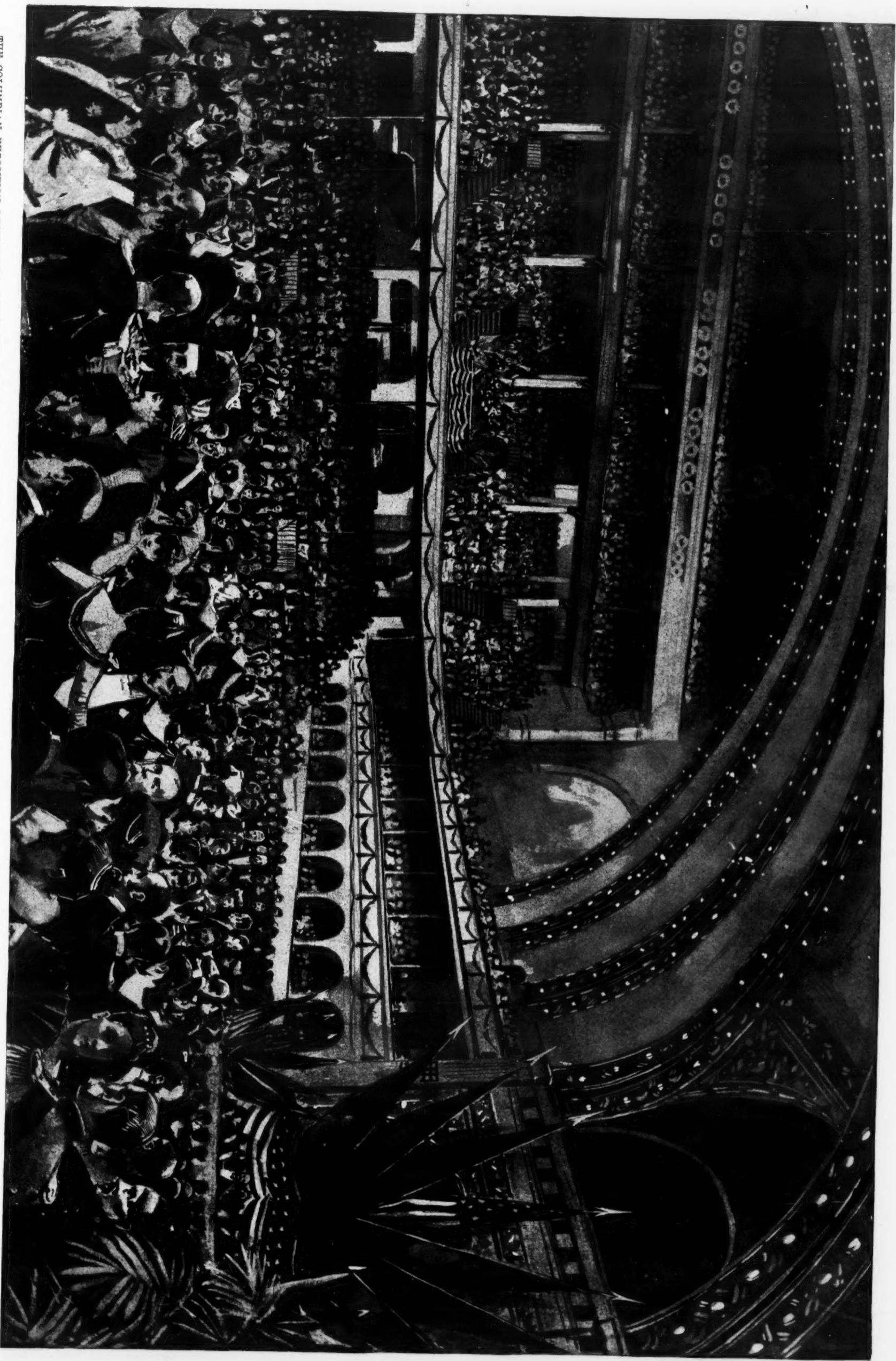


AMERICA—1. TIN PLATING. 2. CLEANING. 3. GIRLS POLISHING AND FINISHING. 4. SHEARING PLATES. 5. ROLLING HOT PLATES. WALES—6. ONE OF MANY CLOSED WELSH FACTORIES. 7. ROLLING RED-HOT STEEL. 8. WELSH DIPPERS. 9. WOMEN "SORTERS." 10. BOY ROLLERS. 11. WOMEN WORKERS AT MORRISTON.

THE TIN-PLATE INDUSTRY IN WALES AND IN THE UNITED STATES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.—[SEE PAGE 314.]



THE DEDICATION OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION BUILDINGS AT CHICAGO—THE GRAND CIVIC PROCESSION PASSING THE REVIEWING-STAND AT THE FEDERAL BUILDING.  
DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 310.]



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION DEDICATORY CEREMONIES—THE GRAND RECEPTION AND BALL IN THE HALL OF THE AUDITORIUM.—DRAWN BY E. WEST CLINEBUSH FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 310.]

# MARSDEN'S DISCOVERY.

By HENRY HERBERT HARKNESS.

WHEN I was in college I had two very dear friends, Marsden and Masterson. We were always together, despite the fact that there could hardly have been found anywhere in the world three men whose ideas on most subjects so radically differed. Perhaps it was the intellectual pleasure we derived from debating among ourselves, with an acrimony only possible among the fastest of friends, the pros and cons of every question that came up, that was the bond of our union. Whatever the bond was, we were certainly inseparable, and I think, on that last night in New Haven, when after four years of most intimate association we parted, each to walk alone his path through life, there were three very tear-stained pillows beneath our respective heads before Morpheus claimed our allegiance. I know that I for one was compelled to change mine, so saturated did it become with those salt evidences of a sincere grief which were copiously shed by my eyes that night.

The parting between Marsden and Masterson and myself was geographical rather than spiritual. Marsden's lines fell in the pleasant places of Boston; Masterson's in those of Baltimore, and mine in New York. Marsden studied medicine, Masterson became a professor of psychology without a chair, and I drifted through a period of misery as a student of law into literary sharp-shooting; but through it all we kept up a three-cornered correspondence in which the hopes and fears of our lives were freely confided, with the result, I think, that we all took a more cheerful view of existence than would otherwise have been possible. It was the perfect candor of our intercourse that helped us. What I did not like about Marsden I frankly told him, and when I disapproved of Masterson, Masterson was the first to know it, and *vice versa*. It was helpful; it was delightful. We lived in a palace of truth which, alas! is no more.

Five or six years was the duration of our post-graduate alliance, which was broken by death first, and then by that which is worse than death—madness; and it all came about through the too close application of Marsden and Masterson to their work. Marsden had always been noted for his love of the mysterious and morbid. In the old college days it used to trouble Masterson and myself not a little to find how exceedingly fond of the depressing things of life Marsden was—that is to say, he liked to hear and talk about them. He liked to read stories not only bordering upon but plunging into the middle of the supernatural; and while Masterson and I were compiling scrap-books of clippings showing how easily Yale crews defeated Harvard crews, and other matters of alma-maternal interest, Marsden was filling envelopes with horrors—stories of vampires, tales of hallucination, and other unnatural things. While Masterson and I were reading such light and airy stories as "Pelham" and "Pendennis," with Herrick as our ideal poet, Marsden would devote his hours of outside reading to Hoffman, Poe, and Monk Lewis; and any versifier whose sentiment smacked of malaria could be his poet for the time being. I think the only point on which Masterson and I ever really agreed was in regard to Marsden's unhealthy passion for the grotesque, and we were unremitting in our efforts to bring him down to the real sunshiny things of life; but I cannot say that we were ever sanguine of the result of our efforts.

It was Marsden's horrible addiction to such matters that led Masterson into the study of psychology and Marsden himself into medicine; and if Marsden would have gone at it in the coldly scientific manner of Masterson, I think he would have been all right, although Masterson carried his coolness a degree too far, in that he did not recognize the fact that minds, like machines, speedily go to pieces if not kept in repair. It was while trying to comprehend Marsden's mind that Masterson became interested in mental science, and it was Marsden's passion for the insane that decided him to become a physician, so that he might come into actual touch with those who suffered the things of which he read.

Each succeeded in reaching his goal. Masterson at the age of thirty found himself an accepted authority on psychological matters. Marsden at twenty-nine was actively connected with the medical staff of an asylum for the insane in Massachusetts—and then the end came. Masterson's candle had been burned at both ends, and he was nigh unto death. I was the first to hear of it, because my duties were such that I had been able to visit Masterson at Baltimore—

which Marsden, owing to his more or less confining duties, could not very well do—and so was known to Masterson's family, who immediately wired me of the precarious condition of my old friend. The telegram I received at nine o'clock in the morning of a September day, and I immediately repeated it to Marsden in Boston, adding that it was my intention to leave New York for Baltimore that night.

Two hours later I received a message from Marsden saying, "Wait for me. He must not die."

This was more or less unsettling. To wait for Marsden was the very thing it would please me most to do, but to have him bring his message to a close with those four words grated on my nerves. They did not sound exactly right.

An hour later a second telegram arrived from Marsden, which read, "Am just leaving Boston. For God's sake wait for me!"

And so it went all that afternoon. At every stopping-place along the line from Boston to New York Marsden forwarded to me the most nerve-disturbing messages the mind could well conceive of, beseeching me to await his coming always; and in four separate instances assuming a power on my part to avert the expected death of Masterson that made me suspect that Marsden himself was in a precarious state, mentally anyhow. I dreaded meeting him, but was nevertheless on hand at the station on the arrival of his train,—and what a shock it was to me when I caught sight of Marsden! His face was white as a sheet; his shoulders were bent as with some load by far too great for them to bear, and his hands trembled as though they were palsied. When he saw me he threw his arms about my neck, and, burying his pallid face on my shoulder, cried like a child.

"Don't take on so, Tom," I said, giving him an affectionate tap on the arm and drawing away. "It may not be so bad as we think."

"Not if he lives!" he replied, shaking his head sadly and looking nervously about him. "But I fear Jack is on the verge of dissolution. I feel so faint now that I believe—I believe it is nearly all over."

He staggered slightly as he spoke and would have fallen if I had not caught him by the arm.

"Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried. "Don't make a scene here. Come. Get into this cab and we'll ride down to my rooms."

He was so limp by this time that I bundled him almost head over heels into a convenient hackney, and giving the driver directions as to where to go, followed and sat down beside him. He lay back against the cushions, his eyes closed, his lips quivering like a child's under punishment. To an ordinary observer it would have seemed as if Marsden had taken too much strong drink—to me, who knew that he did not drink, his condition was unaccountable. Moved we both were by the imminent death of a dear friend, but the emotion of Marsden was out of all proportion to the situation.

Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and sat up stiffly and groaned.

"Ah!" he sighed in a moment. "I thought it was all over then. By heaven, Hartly!" he shouted, as he turned his eyes to me—eyes big, bulging, and seemingly full of some terrible dread. "How can you sit there so unmoved? How can you—how can you—how can you!"

His tone by this time had risen to a shriek, and I became convinced that Marsden and I could not go on to Baltimore that night unless I was willing to constitute myself the guardian of a maniac.

"I—I am quite as upset, Tom," I replied. "Quite as deeply grieved over the possibility of Jack's death."

"Don't speak of it—don't speak of it!" he shuddered, cowering back into the corner of the cab and hiding his face with his hands.

"Hartly, I don't believe you understand," he added, gravely, after a minute or two of silence. "Do you understand that it means oblivion? Do you comprehend that it means absolute annihilation, destruction, a blotting-out forever; do you—do you realize that?"

He fairly shook me with his grip on my arm as he gasped this out.

"No, I do not," I answered, shortly. "I believe, as you used to believe, in a God in heaven, and I have not changed, and I know that Masterson has no reason to fear death. His soul is the purest—"

"I am not thinking of Masterson," he cried, and then, his voice sinking into a whisper, he muttered, "I refer to ourselves. We shall vanish; we shall be blotted out. Masterson's

soul is all right; but ours—we have no souls. With his death we are plunged into formlessness—we become zeros—"

"My dear Marsden," I said, trying hard to conceal my perturbation, for I was now convinced that he was mad, "my dear Tom, don't talk that way. Keep quiet. All will go well. All—"

"It cannot!" he retorted, "if Jack Masterson dies. If Jack Masterson dies we—Hartly, do you realize what you are, what I am? I, with all my hopes, all my ambitions, my loves, my hates, everything, am but a figment in the brain of Jack Masterson. You are the same, I know. I have studied—I have seen. When that mind ceases to work and that imagination to fancy, you and I, John Hartly, cease to be!"

As Marsden spoke the cab stopped at my door and we entered the house. I was simply appalled at the horror of Marsden's hallucination and at the new responsibility for his welfare that had temporarily devolved upon me. He was mad; but how mad? Was it curable or not? I feared. I felt that but one thing was needed to upset his mind altogether, and that was Masterson's death. Nor had I any hope that that was a blow to be averted. What to do was the question, and my own feelings were that unless that question were speedily solved I should myself stand in mental peril.

We went to my apartments, and, shoved under the door, I found a telegram awaiting me. To open it was the work of a moment, and then Marsden, feeling that it must be from Baltimore, snatched it from me and tried to read it, but fortunately he could not, his eyes were so filled with the tears of fear.

"Read it!" he cried, trembling with excitement. "Read it!"

I took it, and casting my eyes over the line, saw the announcement of the fatal termination of Jack's illness. "Jack died at five o'clock this afternoon," it said, but I did not dare read it aloud.

"What does it say?" gasped Marsden.

"The danger is over," I replied, "and there is no need of our going to Baltimore."

"Thank God!" cried Marsden, falling on his knees, and then, with a groan, sinking in a faint to the floor.

Marsden is still connected with the asylum in Massachusetts, he thinks as a consulting physician, but, as the world knows, as a patient; and I—I bear the burden of my deceit in that horrible night by conducting the correspondence of two corners of our triangle of love, my own corner and that of Masterson, of whose death Marsden has never heard; for the experts say that were he ever to hear of his friend's decease, so strongly does he believe himself a part of the dead man's day-dreams, the small remainder of his once strong mind would be utterly blotted out.

## THE EXPOSITION FESTIVITIES.

THE ceremonies attending the dedication of the Columbian Exposition buildings at Chicago were in every way worthy of the historic occasion. The great enterprise could not possibly have been launched under more favorable conditions or with greater popular enthusiasm. It must be conceded that Chicago covered herself with glory, manifesting an affluence of resources and a whole-hearted consecration to the work in hand which no other city could have eclipsed. There were, of course, as in all such great celebrations, some blemishes, but these only served to make the lustre of the festival more conspicuous. The civic procession was one of the most imposing ever seen in this country, while the military parade has never been surpassed by any spectacle of the kind. The ball in the great hall of the Auditorium was one of the most brilliant social events known in Chicago's history.

During the celebration week several of the State buildings on the fair grounds were dedicated with suitable ceremonies. The address formally assigning the New York building to the exposition's use was made by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, and served to admirably exhibit the wonderful versatility of that distinguished orator. The address embodied an eloquent tribute to the material supremacy of the Empire State, and its conspicuous leadership in all the great industrial, commercial, and educational enterprises of the time. An address was also made by Archbishop Corrigan. The dedication of the Ohio buildings was attended with an elaborate display, the entire Legislature, all the State officers, the Ohio Historic Society, and two thousand of the State troops being in attendance. Addresses were made by Governor McKinley, Senators Sherman and Brice, and others. The dedicatory exercises of the Massachusetts buildings were participated in by Governor

Russell and others. The dedication of the Iowa building attracted a large number of citizens of that State, and the ceremonies at the Kansas building were especially enthusiastic. There were a number of addresses, some of the most effective being delivered by women who have been conspicuous in laboring to make the exposition a success. It was stated that there are eighty-five women's organizations in the State, co-operating in this work.

## WHEN GOLD LEAVES FLUTTER DOWN.

SWEET the season now, when skies  
Faintly blue bend over all,  
And the cricket ceaselessly  
To his wandering mate doth call;  
When soft thistle-down floats by  
Borne on lazy breaths of air,  
And the milk-weed's ripened pod  
Bursts in silvery beauty rare,—  
Then, O heart of mine, be glad,  
All forgotten be thy woe;  
Earth is all thine own to-day,  
Drink thou of life's overflow!  
Drink and laugh and sing thy songs,  
Sweetest, gayest songs that drown  
In their music sorrow's tears,—  
Now, when gold leaves flutter down.

These are happiest days of all,  
Days of sweet, slow-moving hours,  
While the gold and crimson leaves  
Take the place of summer flowers;  
When the sturdy frost-flower blue  
Sways beside the golden-rod  
And late daisies here and there  
To the queen of autumn nod;  
When the ripe fruit's luscious scent  
Fills the orchard's shady aisles,  
And red apples 'neath the trees  
Lie in glowing, tempting piles;  
When the blue-jay's saucy cry  
Joins the cat-bird's plaintive call,  
And above the hazy sun  
Throws his warm smile over all—  
Then, O heart of mine, rejoice!  
Life for thee can wear no frown;  
All is beautiful and blest  
Now, when gold leaves flutter down.  
HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

## THE DEATH OF MRS. HARRISON.

THE death of the wife of President Harrison, which occurred at the White House on the morning of the 25th inst., produced a profound impression among all classes of people throughout the country. Mrs. Harrison was a woman of the rarest qualities of mind and heart. Her character was strong and positive, but it had in it nothing of stern aggression. Its strength lay in Christian principle and the simplicity of unquestioning faith. Always interested in the struggles and aims of others, she bestowed largely of that sympathy which is one of the most forceful elements of a strong moral nature. Sharing with her illustrious husband the privations and struggles of his earlier career, she proved then, as in all her later years, his inspirer and unselfish helpmeet. While eminently domestic in her tastes, she was at all times actively engaged in useful charities. She found time, too, even amid the exacting social duties of her life in Washington, to develop her literary and musical tastes. She was the sympathetic wife and mother, and had the broadest interest in her kind. People turned to her intuitively for suggestion and helpfulness. During the Senatorial career of her husband she was especially interested in national and local charities in Washington, and the success of some of the more prominent of these was largely due to her executive ability, energy, and tact. Her life was one of exceptional happiness. Few women have ever been the objects of more tender devotion through all the vicissitudes of life than she. The tenderness and unflinching solicitude manifested by her husband during her last sickness was only a reflection of the affection and mutual thoughtfulness which had marked their whole married life. She will be remembered for her life of honest usefulness, her fidelity to conscience in every situation in which she was placed, and her abnegation of self in a broad and continued service for others. The example of such a life, set in high places, cannot be without a most impressive influence upon all beholders. The whole country bows with grief over the bier of this true woman, mingling its tears with those of the household which sits in the shadow of a great sorrow.

Mrs. Harrison was nearly of the same age as her husband, the date of her birth, at Oxford, Ohio, being October 1st, 1832. Her father, Dr. John W. Scott, formerly a member of the faculty of the Miami University, was, about the year 1850, principal of an academy for young women at Oxford. It was here that Benjamin Harrison, a student at the University, first met his future wife, Miss Caroline Lavinia Scott, then a charming young girl, brilliant in mind and womanly in character as she was attractive in person. They were married at Miss Scott's home, October 20th, 1853. Rich only in mutual confidence and hope, the young couple spent the

first few months of their married life at the Harrison home in Cincinnati; then, having finished his course in law, Benjamin Harrison removed with his wife to Indianapolis, Indiana, to begin his professional career. Their first child, Russell, was born here; and life, filled with earnest activities and duties, went on happily enough, if not very prosperously, with the Harrisons. A second child—a girl—was born. Friends grew up about the family, and the hard-working lawyer won first the love and respect of his fellow-townsmen, then the pleasant assurances of material success. Then a great and stirring interruption came in the outbreak of the Civil War. Husband and wife were one in their enthusiastic patriotism, and Mr. Harrison was eager to hasten to the front with the very first defenders of the flag. Family responsibilities, however, could not be immediately dropped, and it was not until the middle period of the war, at the darkest hour of the Union cause, that Mr. Harrison took the field as colonel of the regiment he had raised. His brave and honorable record there, and Mrs. Harrison's noble work as leading member of the sanitary commission organized by Governor Morton, are matters of familiar history, which need not be reviewed here. Suffice it to say that after the war the return of General Harrison to the Indianapolis home marked the beginning of perhaps the happiest period of Mrs. Harrison's life, during which her brilliant social and intellectual qualities found congenial exercise in the refined circle which her animated and sympathetic disposition had gathered around her. The transition thence to the fuller life of the national capital, when General Harrison was called to Washington to represent his State in the Senate, was a natural and easy one. Mrs. Harrison's Washington life at this period was marked by the simplicity and modest dignity with which she devoted herself to educational and charitable work, and when it was over she returned to the quiet home life at Indianapolis without regret. At the same time, when the general became a candidate for the supreme political office in the gift of the republic, it was most natural, most womanly and wife-abetting, that her interest in the campaign should be intense, her joy and pride in her husband's success unqualified. Mrs. Harrison's administration of the White House, if not as brilliant socially as with some of her predecessors, will nevertheless be memorable in the history of the executive mansion.

The story of Mrs. Harrison's last illness and death, which has touched the hearts of the nation, begins with an attack of the grippe during the winter of 1890-91. The pulmonary trouble attending this attack, never entirely overcome, developed last March into catarrhal pneumonia, followed by hemorrhages of the lungs. Last July she was removed to Loon Lake in the Adirondack Mountains, and experienced a temporary improvement; but early in September a severe attack of pleurisy gave rise to serious alarm. She was transferred back to Washington on the 20th of September, and there she died after a painful but uncomplaining struggle.

Messages of condolence have come to President Harrison from every quarter of the globe, Queen Victoria being among the first to extend her sympathy. The funeral exercises, held in the White House on the morning of the 27th, were private, and marked by the greatest sympathy. The remains were subsequently taken to Indianapolis, where, after the final services, they were laid away for their long rest.

#### MRS. HARRISON IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

When Mrs. Harrison entered the White House as its mistress she took there as much graceful dignity and tact, and more genuine kindness of heart and independence than any of her predecessors. During her conspicuous reign of almost four years, there have been more innovations, social delights, and gay informality than were dreamed possible to come to pass within the hitherto over-stately walls of the executive mansion. She has delighted old and young, life-long friends and new ones, with her delightful hospitality and unchanging accessibility. More people have undoubtedly been made happy by Mrs. Harrison than by any previous occupant of the White House. She has kept "open house" all the year round, and has ever shown the greatest willingness to receive curious strangers as well as well-loved friends. No convention or delegation, however obscure, has sought entrance or audience in vain, and Mrs. Harrison's illnesses were frequently caused by her over-willingness in dispensing her gracious hospitality.

The indiscriminating have sneered at Mrs. Harrison for her domesticity, but that quality has proved a virtue which has made her an object of admiration in countless homes. The duties of wife and mother have been supreme

with her. She has always been fearless in asserting her tastes and following her proclivities, as far as consistent with her duties as the wife of the President. Probably no one has ever allowed public opinion to hamper her less than Mrs. Harrison, while striving at the same time to please. No part of her household has ever been neglected. She has ransacked cellar and garret, which frequently resulted in the unearthing of treasures that had mouldered for years in cobwebby obscurity, and but for her would have been lost to the public, which now can enjoy them. She has evinced more interest in the White House and its future than has ever been exhibited before, and her object has been to make it a comfortable home as well as a credit to the nation. She has made changes and suggested improvements that have made her presence of real value from merely a practical point of view, and for which her successor will arise and call her blessed.

From a social standpoint Mrs. Harrison has done more to make the White House attractive than was ever before attempted. No possibility for giving pleasure was overlooked, and there was a lavishness of both welcome and entertainment not often displayed in official life. The ball given in the East Room two years ago is still talked of as the most wonderful society event of any administration. In summer advantage was always taken of the Marine Band concerts on Saturday afternoons, and the south portico was filled with a gay throng, while Mrs. Harrison appeared as a genial, informal hostess. It was then she sometimes gave vent to her natural wit and the gift of repartee which had received marked attention from her acquaintances, but which she almost completely repressed after she went to the White House. She was, without doubt, the best-read woman who has occupied the same prominent position, and kept abreast of all that was new in literary or scientific thought. Having a particularly receptive and well-stored mind, Mrs. Harrison has always been a delight to her friends, both as a conversationalist and the wielder of a ready pen. During all the busy hours of the past four years she has devoted some time each day to study and to her pet accomplishment, painting. She has been generous in the extreme with her talent, as most of her friends can testify; for nearly all can boast of a dainty card or piece of china bearing the coveted signature of the first lady of the land. Sketching during the past two years has been a favorite pastime, and there are few picturesque spots in the vicinity of the summers' outings that have not been reproduced either on delicate porcelain or canvas. They are now valued beyond all expression as souvenirs of past delights and the artist's skill.

Everything historical has always appealed very strongly to Mrs. Harrison's interest. Very frequently, in company with some member of her family, she has made quiet excursions to the many noted sites in and near the city. In this way she became so familiar with the historic spots of Washington that she could talk most entertainingly and instructively on the subject for any length of time.

Mrs. Harrison's patriotic impulses were always alert. It was she who set the example of rising whenever "The Star-spangled Banner" was played or the American flag was displayed in public.

One of Mrs. Harrison's most beautiful traits has been her devotion to her family and particularly to her grandchildren. No incident in their lives has been too trifling to interest her, and nothing too great to undertake for their amusement. She was always planning something new for their enjoyment, and hundreds of little hearts have been made happy through her love for these little ones, and the desire to make them happy.

During all these last weary months of suffering, the strength of character for which Mrs. Harrison was noted has kept her the uncomplaining, tender wife and the anxious, loving mother. No mistress of the White House can ever leave behind a memory more replete with unvarying kindness, sweet generosity, and unselfish consecration to duty.

The room in which Mrs. Harrison died is the chamber in which Garfield spent so many days of suffering. She has been the first occupant since his death, as both Arthur and the Cleverlands shunned it. It will live in the history of the White House as the room which its last occupant strove in every way to make attractive and relieve it from its unhappy associations—alas! to make it only more pathetic in its interest.

LOUISE JOHNSON.

#### SYMPATHY AT MRS. HARRISON'S BIRTHPLACE.

Probably there is no place in the country where deeper sympathy and sorrow have been felt during the illness of the wife of President Harrison than in the classical old village of

Oxford, in southern Ohio. It was there that Mrs. Harrison was born, there that she was courted by Benjamin Harrison, the quiet, boyish-faced student, and there, in the great parlor of her father's home, she was married.

What wonder, then, that those who knew her as a bright, black-eyed little girl, or who were her confidantes in school and girl associates later on, have thought of her with anxious fears and tears, knowing her end was near!

The house in which Mrs. Harrison was born still stands on a prominent corner, facing the old Miami University, where once her father was a professor, and where was graduated her distinguished husband and his colleague on the Presidential ticket—Whitelaw Reid. The house has been modernized somewhat, and is now occupied by W. R. Lane, a retired and wealthy citizen. The room in which Mrs. Harrison was born is still a part of the house, and the changes do not make it much different in appearance from what it was when a President's wife was born within its portals. The old Presbyterian church in which she was baptized, and in which, clad in white, she graduated, with Benjamin Harrison among the visitors of the day, stood near by, but was lately torn down. Across the street from the female college which was her alma mater, and of which her father was president, stands a large frame two-story house, of the roomy style so much in vogue forty years ago. It has a large yard on the side toward the college, and the house itself comes up to the pavement. It, too, has been changed and freshened up since thirty-nine years ago, when, on October 20th, 1853, Carrie Scott became the bride of Benjamin Harrison. The old house is now occupied by Michael Foley.

Miss Sallie Molyneux and others of Mrs. Harrison's girlhood friends who remember the wedding speak of it as a quiet affair, attended by the Harrisons from North Bend and a few intimate friends of both families. Mrs. Harrison was dressed in a gray traveling suit, and her husband in black. Her father, Rev. Dr. Scott, performed the ceremony, and the couple went for a trip which concluded at the old Harrison homestead near North Bend. Mrs. General W. H. Harrison was then living, but was too old to attend the wedding.

None of the Scott family live in Oxford. Dr. Scott, the father, now aged ninety-two, lives in the White House. His wife, Mary Neal Scott, died in 1877, and is buried at Washington, Pa. Mrs. Scott-Lord, an older sister of Mrs. Harri-

son, died at Washington, D. C., three years ago. A younger sister, Mary, married a Mr. Spear, and died at New Hanover, Ind., a few years ago. H. M. Scott, a brother, died while traveling for his health in Oregon, and the only surviving brother, John Scott, is now living in Oregon.

FRANK B. GESSNER.

#### THE BEECHER MEMORIAL.

No monument of enduring bronze or brass is needed to perpetuate the memory of a man so universally beloved and famed as was Henry Ward Beecher. And yet the very human instinct which makes the eye crave some tangible object recalling the deeds of the esteemed dead, some substantial souvenir of the personality and greatness of the departed, found no exception in the case of America's foremost preacher. This fact was shown by the recent erection of the beautiful bronze effigy of the famous pulpit orator which stands in front of the Brooklyn City Hall. This statue was in every sense a sincere tribute from the people to the great

preacher, patriot, and political reformer. A more recent manifestation of the natural desire to embody in imperishable form some likeness or symbolism of the good and great is the Beecher memorial tablet soon to be placed within the outer entrance on the vestibule wall of the modest structure known the world around as Plymouth Church.

In this unimposing building Henry Ward Beecher began his Brooklyn ministry, which lasted just forty years. It is more than probable that this homely old edifice will be deserted some day in the near future for a finer house of worship, more centrally located in the City of Churches. In such event the simply designed but highly artistic tablet which is pictured here, will in the new sanctuary help to keep alive among future generations of worshippers the memory of a wholly inimitable and sanely aggressive expounder of the Law Divine. The Beecher memorial tablet is one of the largest, as it is one of the most skillfully executed, works of its kind ever produced in this country. It comes from the workshops of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and is a great credit to that concern. In size the tablet is 64 x 47 inches and is mounted upon a heavy antique oak panel which serves acceptably as a background for the tablet proper; the latter is of polished brass and enamel. In the centre is a medallion portrait-bust of Mr. Beecher modeled by J. Massey Rhind. This medallion is of bronze, and presents a striking view of the leonine features of the noted clergyman.

Around the tablet is a border of solid, chased bronze six inches in width, and forming a design of interlacing oak-leaves wrought in relief. It is hardly necessary to point out the appropriateness of oak-leaves—the symbol of strength—as used in this connection. The inscription on the tablet reads: "In Memoriam Henry Ward Beecher, First Pastor of Plymouth Church, 1847-1887." Upon the lower border, in raised letters, is the exceedingly felicitous text: "I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation."

It was the intention of the committee in charge of the execution and erection of the tablet, headed by Dr. Lyman Abbott—the learned successor of Mr. Beecher—and Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, to have the unique memorial in position for unveiling on Sunday, October 9th, the forty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of Mr. Beecher's pastorate in Plymouth Church. Some

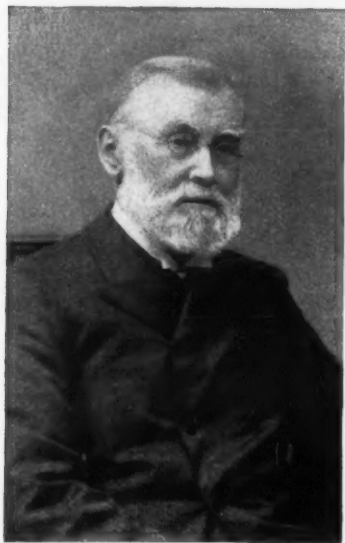


THE BEECHER MEMORIAL.

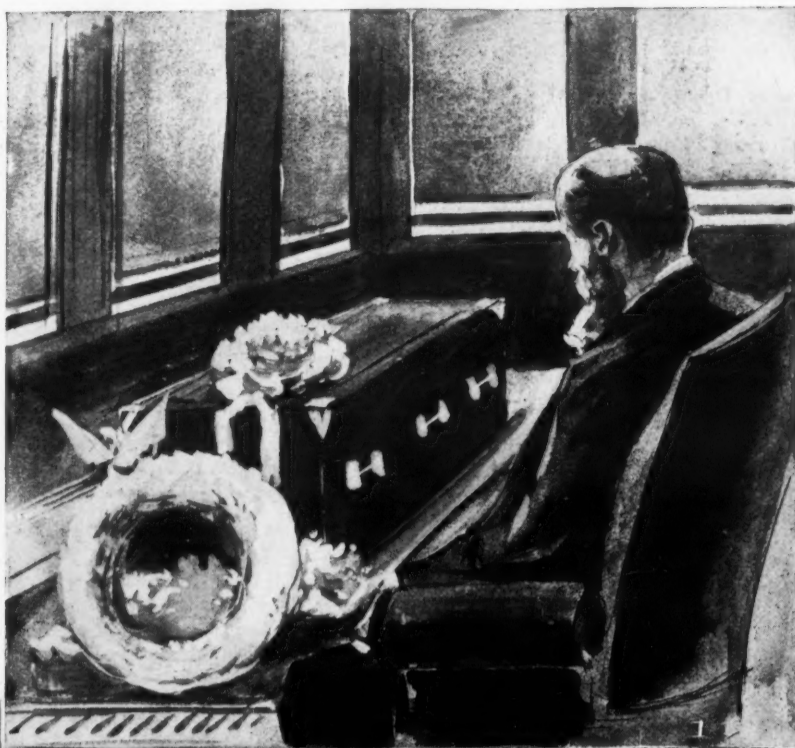
slight alterations which it was found expedient to make in the tablet, but which will not in any way affect its general design, have made it necessary to postpone the event until the second Sunday in November. Appropriate exercises will be held on that day.

Of course the chief interest of the Beecher memorial tablet lies in J. Massey Rhind's chiseled delineation of the strong but kindly features of the man whose name it is intended to perpetuate. While it cannot be truthfully said that the happiest expression of the preacher's mobile face has been caught and fixed, it must be acknowledged that the general contour and form of Mr. Beecher's familiar facial characteristics are excellently rendered. The fact that the sculptor had never met Mr. Beecher was something more than a serious hinderance to his work. That Mr. Rhind has succeeded so well in his metal depiction of a most unusual countenance is a cause for his own self-congratulation no less than it is a source of joy to those for whom the beautiful tablet was primarily designed.

FERRITON MAXWELL.



REV. J. W. SCOTT, FATHER OF  
MRS. HARRISON.

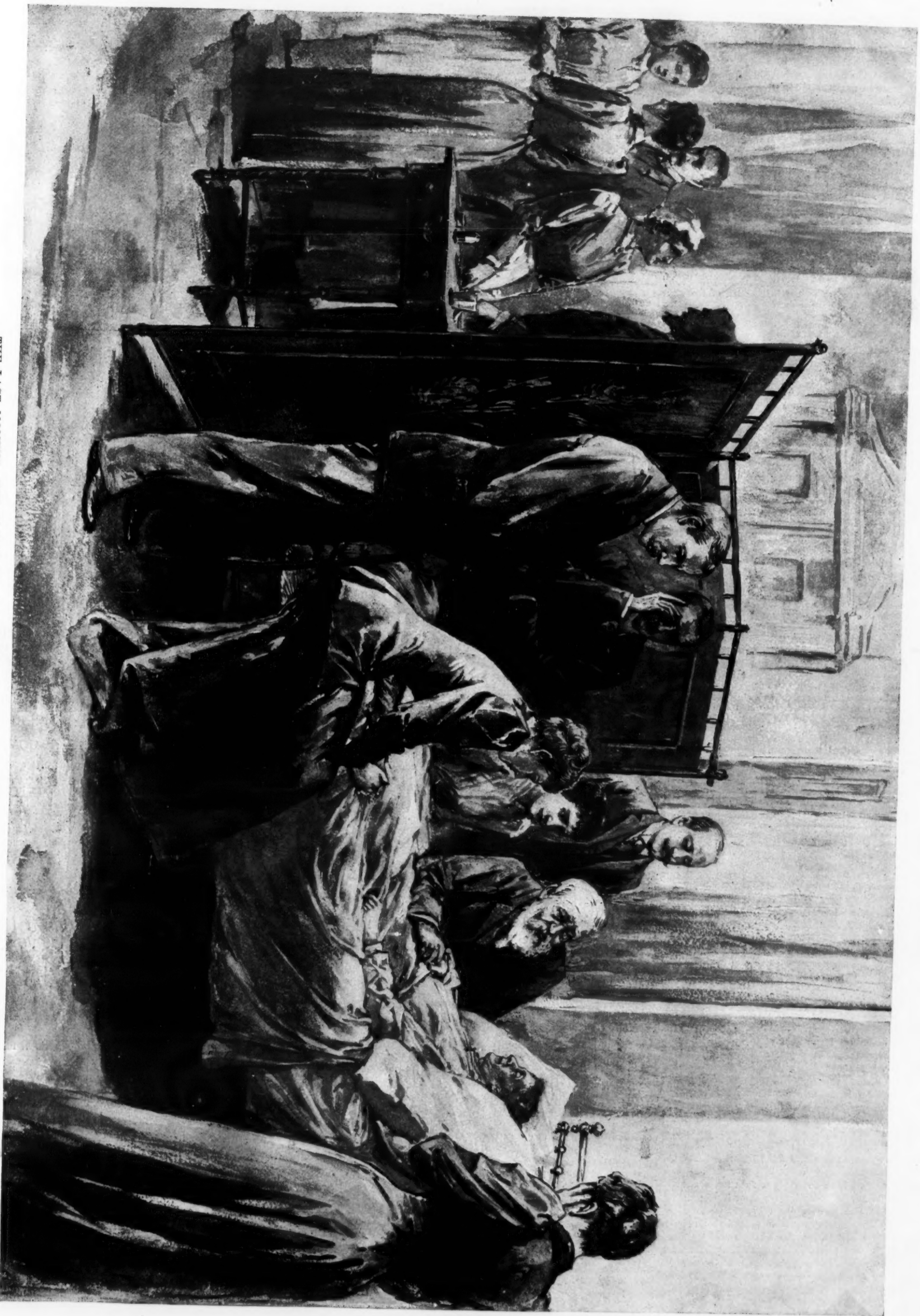


MRS. MARY NEAL SCOTT, MOTHER OF  
MRS. HARRISON.



1. THE FUNERAL-CAR. 2. THE OBSEQUIES IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE. 3. THE FUNERAL CORTAGE LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES PARKER AND SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 310.]



THE LAST MOMENT—THE PRESIDENT AND FAMILY AT THE DEATH-BED OF MRS. HARRISON.

DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 310.]

## THE TIN-PLATE INDUSTRY IN WALES.

[From a special correspondent of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

UP to a recent date England and Wales have supplied the markets of the world with tin plate. At the time of the passage of the McKinley act there were in these countries about one hundred concerns engaged in the tin-plate manufacture. These plants operated about five hundred mills, capable of producing 250,000 boxes a week, or 12,000,000 boxes a year, of which about 6,000,000 boxes came to America. It was maintained by the Democratic party leaders that it would be impossible to build up this particular industry in the United States. The result, however, has proved directly to the contrary. Under the protection afforded by the McKinley act plants have been established in this country which will, it is believed, turn out 100,000 tons of tin plate during the next year. The competition thus established has already affected the foreign industry to a remarkable extent.

In order to obtain exact information of the condition of the industry a visit was recently made to the principal works in the Wales districts. The most important factories were seen and the chief manufacturers interviewed. In order to avoid every suspicion of partisanship, and in order to obtain the most correct and unbiased testimony, the Welshmen themselves will be permitted to tell the story in their own language. The official organ of the South Wales, Monmouthshire, and Gloucestershire Tin-plate Workers' Union is the *Industrial World*. That paper, in its issue of September 9th, had the following:

### THE GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

"American protectionists doubtless rejoice at the present gloomy outlook of the tin-plate trade, and naturally they crow as highly as they can over the belief that the McKinley tariff has permanently injured the great Welsh staple trade. That the tariff has injured the trade is undeniable, but not in the way the protectionist would have us believe. The present stagnation is certainly not due to American-made plates pushing the Welsh plates out of the market, and that is the only thing that would justify any shouting on the part of Cousin Jonathan. It can readily be believed that the advance in the price of tin has checked consumption through the adoption of other materials, and that the uncertainty of tariff or no tariff in view of the election induces every consumer to hold as little stocks as possible. This, however, does not spell permanent injury to the Welsh trade. We have hitherto gone through periods of depression almost equal to the present, when employers had not the boom created by McKinley to help them to tide it over. The great injury that the tariff did was to bring about an unnatural demand for a time. To meet this, and to secure the high profits then possible, mills were laid down at old works and new works started, which turned out almost the whole production of the works now stopped through the depression. The responsibility of the present gloomy outlook can be well divided between Wales and Washington.

"This week notices to terminate contracts have been given at Upper Forest and Worcester Steel and Tin-plate Works, Morriston, Cwmbrwria Tin-house, Swansea, and Avon Vale Tin-plate Works, Aberavon. Mr. Williams states 'that the increased depression makes no alternative' to the important step of stopping his large works, and the other stoppages are due to the same cause. This, coming as it does when so many other works are idle already, makes the winter prospects of the thousands dependent upon the tin-plate trade most serious, facing as they do a coming winter."

The deep interest that is taken in American politics in Wales is shown in a thousand different ways. A leading manufacturer declared: "The only hope of the tin-plate industry in Wales depends upon the election of Mr. Cleveland."

The official tin-plate journal's editorial notes say: "The eyes of the whole world are directed toward the election of President now about to take place in America. The issue of this election is momentous to the Americans themselves, and is of paramount importance to every Britisher. . . . The Democrats—the American advocates of free trade—are not backward in expressing their views. This is their mission, according to Mr. Wilson, the gentleman who presided at their convention when Mr. Cleveland was nominated at the Democratic convention. He said: 'The mission of the Democratic party is to fight for the under-dog. When that party is out of power we may be sure there is an under-dog to fight for, and that under-dog is generally the American people. When that party is out of power we may be sure that some party is in control that represents a section, not the whole country. The Republican party, according to Mr. McKinley, now stands for protection and reciprocity.'" Following this important note is printed in full the free-trade plank of the Democratic platform.

Concerning the continuation of the present depression the South Wales *Daily News* of September 5th remarked:

"All agree that much is at stake in this election, and some of our leading makers declare that if President Harrison, the Republican candidate, should be re-elected, an even severer blow than hitherto felt by

the trade will be dealt to the Welsh staple. Should General Harrison be returned to power, it is believed in South Wales that the example of Messrs. E. Morewood & Co., Mr. W. H. Edwards, of Duffryn works, and others, in erecting works in the States, will be followed by other Welsh firms. Hope is, however, yet entertained that the Democrats will succeed in returning Mr. Cleveland, the champion of tariff reform.

"It is not generally known that suffering and semi-starvation exists at all. Had it arisen through a gigantic calamity, as that at Morfa or Aberkengig, the whole country would know it, and would assist in alleviating the misery of the unfortunates. The situation has been growing more grave for months past, and it is decidedly too grave to remain practically unnoticed.

"A volume of their experience was contained in the brief expression of a man with half a dozen little ones, haggard and thin, round him, in a room from which almost every stick of furniture had been sold for bread: 'If a man offered to work for nothing he could find nothing to do.' He had found work for a day or two since the stoppage six months ago.

"How have you managed to live?' was the question that brought a great variety of answers, from the significant shrug at the wife and children, which asked: 'Live, did you say? Look at them,' to the sweep of the arm which took in imaginary furniture that occupied the place of the reality of better times.

"It is hoped that the champion of tariff reform, Mr. Cleveland, will be returned by the Democrats, but if President Harrison be re-elected there will be a general exodus of Welsh firms to America."

Truly the misery that is everywhere apparent is most distressing to the beholder. Whole columns of advertisements of articles put in pawn are to be seen in the daily journals, while the people through the streets trying to find something to do.

An old man, standing before the gates of one of those closed factories, was asked: "What is the matter? Are you out of work, man?"

"Yes," was the sad reply. "For forty years I have been engaged in tin-plate work, and never have I been out of a job. Now there is no work to be had. Every shop is closing down and men are just starving."

"But what are you going to do?" was asked.

"Do?" he answered. "There are only two things left to do; one is to go to the work-house, and the other is to go to America. My two sons have already gone there and are getting better wages than they ever got here, but I am too old."

"Would the people here be willing to go to the United States if they had a chance?"

"There is not a chick or child of them but what would leave to-night if they could only get away."

"What is it that keeps them here?"

"It is simply the lack of pounds, shillings and pence to get away with."

"What will these works not open again?"

"No; never, sir. The Americans have learned the way of making tin plates; our best workmen are going over there, and there is nothing left for us to do but to starve or follow."

Leaving him and visiting one of the largest manufactories at Landore, the proprietor was asked:

"Is it true that you have posted up twenty-eight days' notice to close?"

"Yes," he answered, "it is true. These mills will lie idle God only knows how long."

"What are the causes of your closing?"

"Oh, it is that infernal McKinley bill that has just killed our trade."

"You do not mean 'killed,' you mean temporarily paralyzed," was said.

"The life of the trade is all gone. I mean just what I say. Many intend to follow the example of Rogers, Morewood, Edwards, Stevenson, Maliphant, and hosts of others, who will go over as quickly as they can," rejoined the manufacturer.

"Why do we not hear of more going than we do to America?"

"Many are simply waiting to see whether Mr. Cleveland will be returned or not. If he is President, and there is a free-trade Congress, no more will go. But if Mr. Harrison is successful we will all go that can."

Endeavors are being made to crush as far as possible every attempt on the part of Americans to start this trade. The *Western Mail*, in a stirring editorial, urges manufacturers and workmen to unite, even at a loss, "to crush the puny American industry so that it will never be able to lift its threatening head again."

There is only one hope and one prospect, with the present tariff, to accomplish this end, and that is by pauper labor. The girls that are employed receive from five to ten shillings a week—that is, from \$1.25 to \$2.50 for fifty-six hours of hard, heavy work. The men are paid a little higher wages; strong, robust workers, after seven years' experience, whose eyes have been trained to tell the exact state of the steel in the furnace, receive as high as \$2.50 to \$3.50 per diem; these are the best rates paid. As most of the work is paid by the piece, the ordinary tariff is five and a half cents per box, and these men

instruct all who go to the United States to take nothing less than fifteen cents a box, as they say, very truly, America is the place for high wages.

A remedy that is proposed by the *Daily News*, and which is quoted with great uncton by the *Industrial World* of September 9th, is here given in full:

"A word of advice would not be amiss. It is evidently in the interests of masters and men that something should be done to enable works to be carried on and prices kept at such a figure that, despite McKinley and his tariff, we should be able to undersell the Yankee, and so render useless his last attempt to overturn our industry. Something more decided than the 'sit down and wait to see what will turn up policy' is required, for if we depend upon the McKinley act being repealed in the face of the strenuous efforts that are being made in America to produce plates we shall probably be unpleasantly surprised within the next few months. The question is, What shall we do? It is certainly not fair to the manufacturer to expect him to carry on his works at a loss, nor, on the other hand, can the men be expected to place the proprietors in a position to make an undue profit. Then it is obvious that to enable works that are stopped because they did not pay to re-start, concessions must be made. In all other trades it is the custom for wages to follow prices up and down; until now the need of such a custom has not been so pressing in the tin-plate trade, but against the exceptional circumstances that have forced prices to the lowest point ever known it is clear that exceptional measures must be taken, and it is therefore the duty of masters to meet their workmen, explain the position, and explicitly expound what would enable them to work without loss; and it is equally the duty of the men—a duty they owe to their families—to meet the masters, hear what they have to say, and do their best to meet them, remembering that carrying on the works at no profit per ton is to the manufacturer actual loss."

This is the old trick so well known in the United States; it is to undersell American manufacturers by making goods at starvation wages. This, and this only, is the way by which the American workman can be beaten and the manufacturer obliged to close his works. No true, patriotic American has the heart to offer, and no self-respecting worker will accept, pauper wages.

Every attempt that is made to lessen American manufactures and lower American wages is the work of a commercial enemy of the United States. Such persons are as antagonistic to true American principles as were the British who starved American sailors and soldiers in the prison ships in the Wallabout during the Revolutionary War.

One year ago we sent out of this country \$23,000,000 of American money to buy tin plate. Now we have the opportunity to establish the industry, give employment to thousands of our workmen at good wages, and keep millions of our own money at home, and the whole Democratic press, and all the party leaders, array themselves in opposition, belittling and ridiculing every effort to carry out a policy so obviously patriotic and commendable.

The great question before the American people is, as has been fully stated by the British themselves, "Shall English manufacturers dictate to American freemen?"

### TWO NOTABLE WOMEN.

PERHAPS no English woman of the present generation has attained wider celebrity because of her activity in reformatory work, and especially in behalf of temperance, than Lady Henry Somerset. Lady Somerset has been for years



LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

practically at the head of this particular work in Great Britain, and her powers of organization, no less than her ability as a speaker, have given her very notable success. She possesses great charm of manner, and always impresses herself upon those with whom she comes in

contact as a person of extraordinary force and genuineness of character. During her visit to this country last spring she addressed large audiences in all our principal cities, and came into touch with many of our religious and reformatory enterprises. She is now again in this country with a view of attending the national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which opened its session at Denver on October 28th. On her present visit she accompanied Miss Frances E. Willard, who



MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

has spent some time abroad, and who is so widely and favorably known as the president of the association in question.

Miss Willard's work along temperance lines has been thoroughly aggressive, and she has contributed largely to arousing public sentiment in favor of drastic legislation as to the liquor traffic. In some States she has done more perhaps than any other person to promote the cause of prohibition. She is greatly interested in the movement to bring about unity among the religious denominations of the world, and believes that the temperance reform furnishes the best common basis of meeting.

In a recent interview Lady Somerset, referring to the success of the temperance work in England, said that one great obstacle to its promotion is the large number of drunken and intemperate women. The excesses of these women, she says, are most difficult to overcome. Her testimony on this point agrees with that of Lady Cavendish, as given in a recent number of this paper.

### MICHIGAN'S NEXT GOVERNOR.

THE Republican nominee for Governor of Michigan, Hon. John T. Rich, was born in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, in April, 1841, of Vermont parents. In 1846, his mother having died, his father moved to Michigan, and purchased a farm at Elba, in Lapeer County. The present candidate for Governor has lived upon that farm up to this day. His education was acquired in the country schools and in the high school and academy at Lapeer and Charleston. After leaving school he immediately gave his attention to agriculture. While still a young man he was elected to a place on the board of county supervisors, and was three times re-elected. The people of his county in 1872 sent him to the Legislature, where he remained six years, during the last four of which he was speaker of the House. He has the distinction of having been the last speaker in the old State house, and the first in the new capitol.

In 1880 Mr. Rich was a candidate for Governor, but the nomination fell to David H. Jerome on the tenth ballot. In the same year Mr. Rich was elected to the State Senate, but resigned the following spring, upon his election to Congress. Governor Luce, in 1886, appointed him State Railroad Commissioner, which office he held four years.

Mr. Rich is president of the Michigan State Fair Association, and is prominent in granger and agricultural circles. He is president of the Lapeer County Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and is on the World's Fair committee for the classification of wool samples. He is a man of splendid physique, two hundred pounds in weight, and six feet tall.



JOHN T. RICH.

# THE UNITED STATES FOOD EXPOSITION.

DURING the whole of the month of October the vast amphitheatre of the Madison Square Garden has been a brilliant and fashionable place of rendezvous. This is nothing new, indeed, for the garden, protean as it is in its transformations, and always popular in its attractions; but the representatives of the solid citizenship, the beauty and gaiety of this metropolis, recently thronging the place, were drawn thither by a show which was at once novel in its features and utilitarian in its purpose, namely, the United States Food Exposition. This notable and interesting event, organized under the auspices of the Food Manufacturers' Association, was announced as being "in commemoration of the discovery of America." It was, indeed, eminently appropriate that the grand quadricentennial anniversary should be marked by the display of what industry and science have done to develop and perfect the bounteous gifts of nature throughout this favored land. This is the first time in the history of the United States that a great representative national exhibition of food products has been given, illustrating by object-lessons the progress made in the past four hundred years, and demonstrating the fact that ours is the greatest food-producing country in the world. It has come to be universally recognized by modern philosophy that good living makes a good race. Certainly the wholesome beauty and sumptuous variety of the food products exposed at the Madison Square Garden, together with the enlightened taste exemplified and taught by practical application there in many instances, augur well for both the physical and moral stamina of coming generations of Americans.

Passing into the Garden by the grand mosaic-licked front entrance, the visitor found himself in a kind of epicurean fairland. Booths, pagodas, miniature dairies, kitchens, and Dutch windmills formed a kaleidoscopic village, which rose terrace-like into upper galleries on either side. Each one of these individual structures was devoted to the exploitation of some staple food product, including everything to eat from mixed pickles to Minneapolis macaroni, and everything to drink from Ceylon tea to ginger champagne. These articles were not merely displayed with the most tasteful effects possible, but the majority of them which require preparation for the table were baked, brewed, stewed or cooked before your eyes and distributed gratuitously in "samples." These culinary operations were presided over by pretty girls in appropriate costumes, representing Normandy peasants, Dutch frauleins of Marken, demure Quakeresses, dusky Cinghalese, etc., all fresh and tempting enough to pass for "food products" themselves. Under such stimulus the "sampling" feats performed by visitors were something prodigious. We are judging from personal observation when we state the capacity of the average healthy New York girl in a single visit to be about as follows: nine assorted mixed pickles, seven different flavors of gelatine, eight tablets of chocolate, biscuits and griddle cakes uncounted, five-pop-corn balls, four or five yards of macaroni, a quarter-section of mince pie, nineteen cups of tea, ditto of coffee and cocoa, four different kinds of mineral water, half a dozen preparations of milk and cream, beef tea hot and bouillon cold, Saratoga chips, French bonbons and an ice-cream soda or two to top off with—besides carrying away half a bushel of fancy advertising souvenirs.

Meantime, whether afternoon or evening, Herr Anton Seidl's full orchestra of sixty pieces discoursed sweet and classical music, either in the great amphitheatre or else in the cozy concert hall up-stairs, on the Madison Avenue side of the Garden. The afternoon concerts there preceded Miss Maria Parloa's daily lectures on cooking, and demonstrations of the occult mysteries of that noble science.

The exposition hall, in the basement, with over ten thousand square feet of space, was devoted to a really superb showing of dairy products. This was a dual affair, embracing a special exhibit representing New York State, and a national exhibit under the direction of Professor James Cheesman, who represented the Agricultural Department of the United States government at the Paris Exposition.

Altogether, this first national food exposition, of which Mr. Daniel Browne was the originator and presiding spirit, was a triumph of organization and resource; and its abundant popular success may be taken as one of the healthiest signs of the times.

## SOME OF THE EXHIBITS.

Pepper came originally from Central America and southern Mexico, but has changed entirely

as to strength and flavor by the twenty-five years' careful cultivation which Mr. McIlhenny, of New Iberia, Louisiana, has given it. Sauce was first made by Mr. McIlhenny just at the close of the war, as a relish for his own personal use, it being impossible at that time to procure anything in the way of a delicacy. Sauce proved such a success, he was urged by his friends to place it on the market, and, all other resources being cut off at the time, he did so. The demand has steadily and constantly increased in spite of the fact that up to two years ago not a dollar had been spent on advertising. Upon its merits of purity and flavor it has pushed itself everywhere and is now recognized as the greatest sauce in the world. The pepper plant makes one of the most beautiful crops in the world, the whole field being one mass of color. Very sensitive, first frost kills it. Mr. McIlhenny employs only negroes in his manufactory, finding them, under proper management, to be quite as skilled and much more tractable than white labor. Every care is taken to preserve the standard of the sauce, no expense being spared in its get up.

Tabasco dried pepper is simply what remains after the pulp has been extracted from the pepper in the process of manufacturing the sauce. Nothing either of strength or flavor is lost to the pepper by the process. Ground pepper explains itself. Any one using it will at once recognize its superiority over other pepper in flavor and strength. The pepper sauce is sold all over the United States, and large quantities are exported to England and from thence to India, Australia, and Africa, etc.

The McIlhenny exhibit is the most unique in the show. It was designed by a famous architect and was pronounced by capable judges to be the handsomest exhibit ever seen at a food exposition.

## THE RUNKEL BROTHERS' EXHIBIT.

Judging from the great demand for Vienna Sweet and Red Ribbon Chocolate, and also Breakfast Cocoa, at the exposition, Messrs. Runkel Brothers must enjoy a great reputation with the public, who know and truly appreciate a good article. The firm has been established since 1870, and since that time their trade has grown enormously. They absolutely guarantee that every preparation made by them is wholly free from chemicals. In fact, the firm have taken a decided stand against any and all chemically treated cocoas. While cheaper brands have come upon the market as the result of this unwholesome treatment, they have never entered into competition with the Vienna Sweet Chocolate and Red Ribbon Chocolate of this house.

## HUYLER'S EXHIBIT.

One of the most conspicuous exhibits at the exposition was that of Huyler, who makes a beautiful display of chocolate and cocoa. All day long a great crowd hovered about the booth, admiring the exquisite taste displayed in the decorations and the arrangement of the goods exhibited. Huyler's name is known in every household in the United States. The excellent standard of their bonbons, chocolate, and cocoa is still maintained, and they may be considered the fashionable confectioners among the ladies of the day.

Purity and excellence form the foundation upon which they have built up their great reputation.

The firm have stores in New York City, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and other cities, where the name of Huyler may be seen on the principal thoroughfares.

Another exhibit was the CONDENSED COFFEE exhibit. Condensed coffee is the concentrated essence of all the constituent elements of the scientifically, and therefore perfectly, roasted coffee bean, and possesses in the highest degree of excellence all of the essential properties of the various kinds of coffee, which have been carefully selected for the purpose of obtaining the richest and rarest combination of flavor and quality possible, thus presenting this wholesome and invigorating beverage to the consumer in instantly soluble granules. This is accomplished by a patent process, by which all the nourishing, stimulating, and agreeable properties of coffee are extracted and preserved in convenient form for making a delicious and uniform cup of coffee *instantaneously*, by the simple addition of boiling water, and cream and sugar to suit each individual taste. It is claimed that a two-ounce bottle will make fifty cups of coffee at a cost of one cent per cup. In the use of condensed coffee, time, which is money, will be saved, patience no longer tried, tempers no more ruffled, and both coffee-maker and coffee-drinker will have reason to bless the man who first invented this preparation.

## HON. JOHN H. GEAR.

THE Republicans of Iowa have nominated an unusually strong candidate in the person of Hon. John Henry Gear, who has already served two terms as Governor of that State. Mr. Gear is a New-Yorker by birth, having been born in Ithaca in 1825. At the age of eleven his parents removed to



HON. J. H. GEAR.

Galway, Illinois, and two years later joined the tide of emigration to the Northwest, and made their home at Fort Snelling, in the then Territory of Iowa. From that point Mr. Gear went, five years later—in 1843—to the city of Burlington, Iowa, where he has ever since resided, and where he has been identified with important business interests. He early manifested an interest in politics, and became an active worker for the Republican party, serving one term as mayor of the city, being subsequently elected as a member of the Legislature, and twice re-elected; later he was elevated to the gubernatorial chair, and was re-elected to that position also. In 1886 the Republicans of his district elected him to Congress, and again in 1888 he was returned. In 1890 he was nominated for the third time, but, in what is known in State history as the "political cyclone" of that year, he was defeated by Mr. Seerley, who received 17,459 votes to Mr. Gear's 16,388.



We have been both surprised and pleased with the widespread interest aroused by our new Graphological Department. Applications have come to us from all parts of the world, and in numbers so unexpectedly large that we have been obliged to devise some scheme to insure prompt replies and satisfaction to all correspondents, as we are unable to afford the space necessary to print more than a limited number of readings each week. To this end we make the following announcement: Any applicant sending us fifty cents will be entitled to a short reading of character, to be sent by mail, and the colored edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months; \$1. to a minute and circumstantial reading of character and the colored edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Eiram, Brooklyn.—Is energetic, spontaneous, keenly perceptive, somewhat impulsive, nervously intense, aspiring and ambitious; is a vigorous critic and positive in expression. An idea is grasped with ease, decision rapidly arrived at, speech ready, fluent, fearless and confident. Education and cultivation are visible, literary ability of no ordinary degree is evident, mental methods which are analytical, and versatility. Will is emphatic and flashes into action with surprising celerity; is sometimes persevering and tenacious, but again appears to lose interest in the matter in hand, perhaps for lack of opposition, and energy dwindles until forgetfulness ensues and another interest springs into view.

Con conversationally there is much sparkle and vim, an argumentative vein is to be discerned, and the whole suggests an ardent temperament, excitable disposition, immense though fleeting force, but a lack of method, stability and consecutiveness.

E. D. Russel, Washington, D. C.—Is industrious but not given to plodding. There is some imagination visible, also ready intuitions, capacity for criticism, though not the criticism of ill nature, and neat carefulness. Education and good temper are apparent, some nervousness, thrift, a bit of sentiment, sincere, warm affections, and readiness of mind. Self-respect verges to egotism, but is well regulated and somewhat ingenious.

R. S. T., Auburn, N. Y.—Is deliberate, unemotional, fond of ease from the point of view of disliking hurry and confusion, but is more nervous than ap-

pears at first glance, is sometimes difficult, cranky, and occasionally irritable. Speech is ready and capable of considerable fluency, but is never unguarded and is often reticent, especially in matters personal. Will is strong, tenacious and resistive to the point of obstinacy. Temperament is ardent but selfish, hesitates to expend itself for others, is positive and self-appreciative.—A specimen written in pencil is of little value.

Louise M., New York.—Is practical, useful, and capable, having a gift for management and ability for control. She is good-tempered but not meek. Is ambitious, reliable, sincere and candid. Education is visible, speech, which is communicative but not indiscreet, warm, lasting and faithful affections, some self control which promises to grow in depth and stability, a firm, decided will, some vivacity and a touch of sentiment. The mission in life for which she is best suited, better so than many women, is that of wife and mother, and happy will be the family guided by her firm yet gentle hand, if she fosters and trains her good traits and remains unspoiled by the world.

Brutus, Brooklyn.—Is neat, careful, painstaking and diligent. Refinement, good taste, and well intention are visible. Mind is clear and logical. Will is firm in a simple manner, but is not aggressive, individuality is distinct and promises to develop quiet force. There is a touch of vanity and self-belief and an excellent degree of self-respect. Many traits have not as yet reached their full strength, but the outlook is promising; sincerity and discretion are distinct, and with these to guide a gentle nature cannot go astray.

X. Y. Z.—Is somewhat expansive but is not ardent. Thrift, which is innate, is cloaked at present with a garb of extravagant inclination which it will not always wear. Refinement is to be seen, candor, neatness and capacity for taking pains. Will is persevering and tenacious, sometimes to the point of irritability, but generally the temper is good. Mind is logical, clear and observing; ambition is of good quality. The whole is a nature easy to persuade but difficult to drive, and promises much kindness of heart and careful conscientiousness.

Marie, Brooklyn.—Is more ambitious than she will confess, except on impulse. She has very strong individuality, believes in herself and is a bit of an egotist. She is industrious, is thrifty, well educated and practical. She is neat without finish, is ready of wit but usually reticent, is persevering, sometimes restless, has fairly good judgment, is systematic but not methodical, has many useful feminine qualities and is so discreet as to be almost secretive.

W. H. A. M., New York City.—Is versatile, sympathetic, fluent and even eloquent, is tactful and clever. Ambition is visible, good temper, sociability, liberality of opinion, toleration and good judgment. Affections are sincere and warm, truth may be seen, and candor. There is ability for diplomatic management and control, some imagination, activity, a mind which is graceful and pleasing, literary taste, narrative ability, and many traits which do much to make an agreeable companion.

Appiani, Columbus, O.—Is active in mind, clever, and capable of finesse. He is warm in temperament, energetic, does not always travel on beaten tracks, works hurriedly, but for all that works well, is a bit versatile and is frank when it so pleases him to be. There are some things about him which he keeps closely hidden. There is something about him which is elusive, intangible; people do not always understand him. He can be vivacious, is prudent, decided and capable.

## AUTUMN ROSES.

FOR A BIRTHDAY—NOVEMBER 1ST.

BECAUSE it is the farthest off from May, Because it marks the mellowing year's decline, Because the chill winds sigh, and the sunshine faint-hearted falls, this date is sad, some say—Not I! With such mere fantasies, away! In holding this day joyous and divine, The best of reasons for my mood is mine: Because it is a fete—thy fete—to-day. Rose that thou art, yet let me send thee roses—"Sweets to the sweet," the proverb sayeth well. When roses fade, their perfume still discloses The happy place wherein they used to dwell. So, through a wintry absence, thoughts of thee In my remembrance linger sweet, Marie.

HENRY TYRRELL.

## WHO WILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT?

THE publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY will give \$200 to the subscriber who first predicts the closest to the actual PLURALITY of the POPULAR VOTE of either of the two leading candidates for the Presidency. The prediction must be written on the following blank cut from the WEEKLY and addressed to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

None but subscribers allowed to contest. Only one prediction allowed to each subscriber. If you are not already a subscriber inclose \$1.00 for the paper for three months or 50 cents for five weeks when sending the blank. If you are a subscriber please so state on the blank.

The decision in this contest will be given, and a check forwarded to the winner immediately upon the receipt of the official returns from the different States.

I predict that \_\_\_\_\_ will have plurality of the popular vote in the election for President.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Post-Office \_\_\_\_\_



THE SIAMESE TWINS.  
POSITIVELY THEIR LAST APPEARANCE.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

#### SPEAKING FOR THE NEGRO.

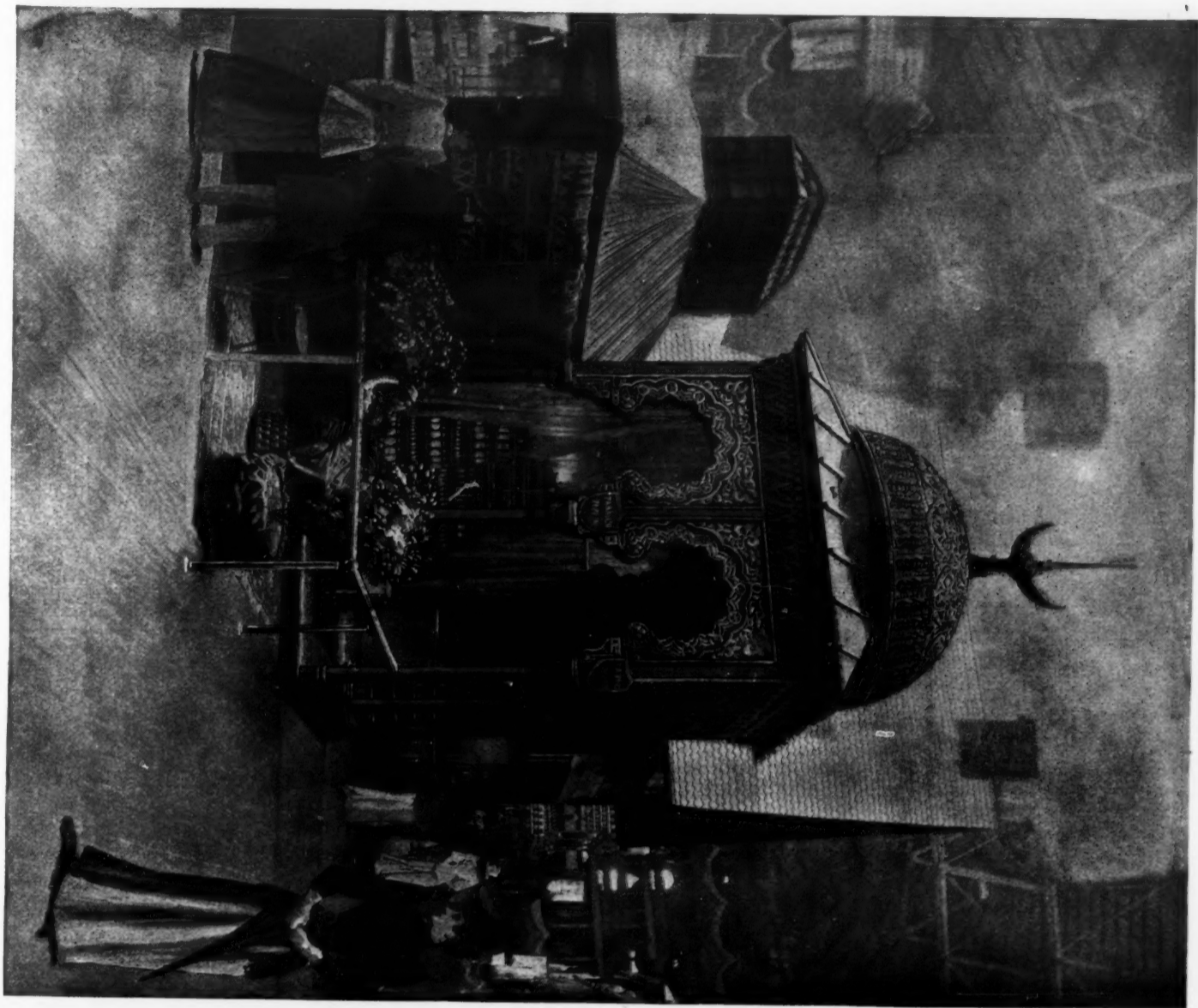
THE National Council of Congregational Churches at its recent session in Minneapolis made an important deliverance in behalf of the negroes of the South, affirming continued interest in their welfare and deploring the lawless spirit and acts of violence of which they are the direct victims. The council declares that such a condition of society greatly hinders educational and religious work, and "menaces the very foundations of our national existence." It demands, further, that "every citizen shall enjoy the protection of just laws, framed in accordance with the spirit of the Federal Constitution, and that they shall have the right to cast a full ballot and have that ballot counted as cast, without distinction of race." The Congregational Church has been conspicuous for its support of freedom

and progress, and especially active in promoting educational work among the blacks of the South. Its recent deliverance expresses what is undoubtedly the sentiment of the great body of Christian people throughout the country, and there can be no question that this sentiment will sooner or later conquer the prejudices of the South and secure for the negro fair play in morals and in politics.

#### THE TARIFF AND THE FARMER.

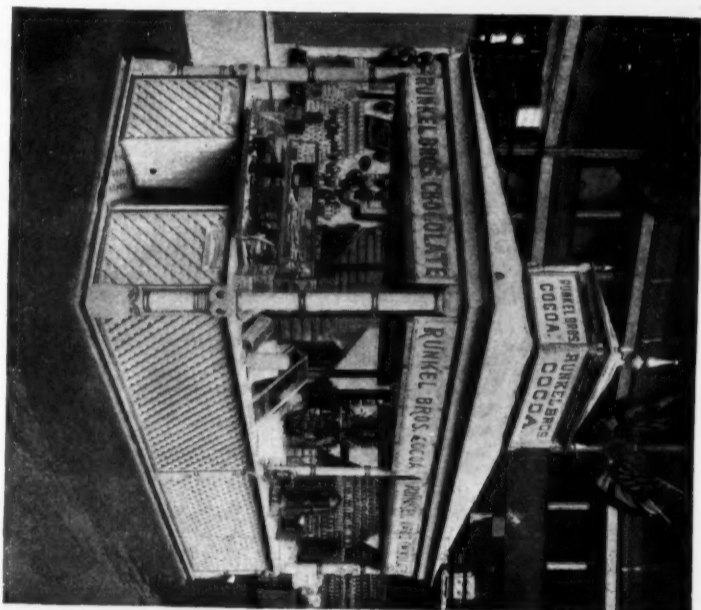
THE declarations of the "calamity howlers" that protection is proving ruinous to the farmer, reducing him to a condition of pitiable helplessness, appear utterly ridiculous when we learn, for instance, that farm labor in the Western States is commanding \$2.50 per day, and that it

cannot be had even at this advanced figure. The truth is that the farming communities of the great Western States were never more prosperous than at this time. Mortgages are being paid off, capital is being amassed, and a spirit of confidence generally prevails. Statistics show that the farmers of Kansas will clear from this year's crops over thirty-seven millions of dollars. In Minnesota alone twenty-two counties show a reduction within a year of mortgage foreclosures amounting to seventy-five per cent, as compared with the year last preceding. All the protected industries in these States are prosperous, and the farmer will, as a result, have a better home market than ever before. The expectation that these States will record themselves in favor of the Democracy because of depression among the farming classes is likely to prove altogether delusive.

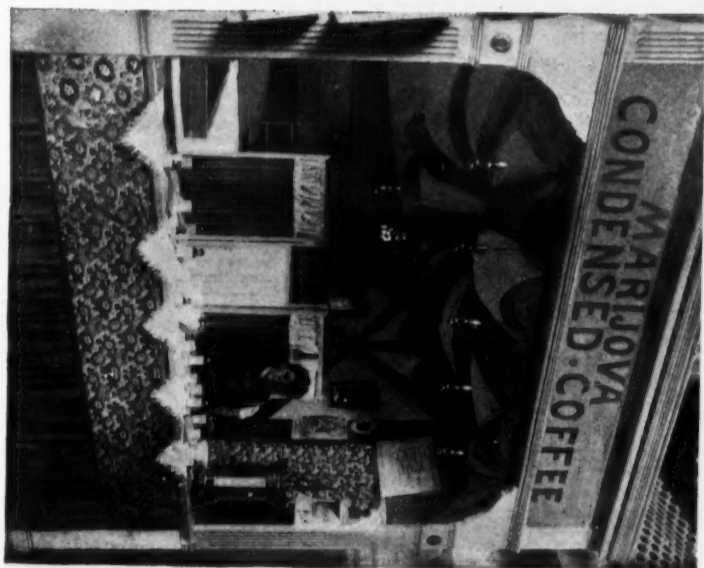


THE TABASCO PEPPER SAUCE EXHIBIT

THE UNITED STATES FOOD EXPOSITION AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENMENT.—[See Page 311.]



RUNKEL BROTHERS' COCOA EXHIBIT.



MARIJOVA COFFEE EXHIBIT.

HUYER'S UNIQUE CHOCOLATES AND COCOAS EXHIBIT.



## A VALUABLE BOOK.

THE LESLIE WEEKLY has received with the compliments of Mr. Samuel Carpenter, eastern passenger agent of the Pennsylvania system, a copy of their latest book, entitled "The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Columbian Exposition." The book contains one hundred and ten pages, filled with fine descriptive matter and half-tone illustrations of various points along the route, together with maps of the principal cities through which the road passes, and a detailed description of the exposition grounds and buildings, by reading which a thorough acquaintance with the surroundings of the great fair can be had before reaching Chicago. The book is a credit to the Pennsylvania system, and in beauty of design, excellence of typography, and triumph of taste is in keeping with all the printed matter issued by this company—a direct reflection of the superiority of the railroad and its management.

## A SERIES OF WASHINGTON TOURS FOR THE FALL AND WINTER VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

As the various seasons come and go the principal points of interest, as well as those for enjoyment, put in their claims for the attention of the tourists and the traveling public generally. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, through its tourist department, are continually on the *qui vive* in selecting for their series of tours seasons and destinations best adapted for the comfort and pleasure of their patrons.

These Washington tours which are announced for this fall and winter are among the most select and choicest of Pennsylvania Railroad tours, and are so well timed that it gives to the tourist the best traveling season and opportunity of seeing the nation's capital in active operation. The first tour of this series will leave New York in a special train of Pennsylvania Railroad standard coaches on October 20th, and the round-trip rate of \$13 will cover transportation in both directions, as well as include hotel accommodations at the principal hotels in Washington. Tickets, including meals en route, \$1.50 additional. The tours will be of three days' duration.

Later tours to this interesting city are announced to depart November 24th, December 15th and 20th. Application for itineraries should be made to the Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents or Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light, cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

As staple as sugar, and equally if not more useful, is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Salvation Oil, the people's liniment, is guaranteed the best. It will cure you.

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA makes a very delicious and nourishing drink. It is particularly adapted for persons of weak digestion.

DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY's double chloride of gold treatment for drunkenness, drug addiction, and nerve exhaustion can be obtained in New York State only at the Keeley Institutes in White Plains, Binghamton, Canandaigua, Westfield, and Babylon. For terms, address or call at either institute, or at the following offices: 7 East 27th Street, New York City; Room 10, Chapin Block, Buffalo; 32 Larned Building, Syracuse; 132 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester. All communications strictly confidential. Beware of imitators.

## FALSE ECONOMY

is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

The famous Sohmer Piano has justly earned its reputation, because it is the best instrument in the world.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.

Brown's Household Panacea, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BEATTY Pianos, Organs, \$33 up. Want ag'ts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority.

Now we take a little more time about it and cast out devils by thousands—we do it by knowledge.

Is not a man who is taken possession of by the germ of consumption possessed of a devil?

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will tell you how to exorcise him if it can be done, Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.



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Violet-Scented Oatmeal, 25c. in tin boxes  
The purest and best powder for the nursery and toilet.  
Spirit of Quinine and Rosemary, 50c. in bottles  
For strengthening and improving the growth of the hair.  
Extract of Roses, 25c. in bottles  
For imparting to the cheeks a delicate and lasting bloom.  
Velvetine Face Powder, 25c. in boxes  
A most delicate and agreeable powder for the complexion.  
TOILET REQUISITES.  
GOLDEN HAIR WASH for the hair. In bottles, \$1.  
Prepared and sent upon receipt of price by  
**R. T. BELLCHAMBERS,**  
Importer of Fine Human Hair Goods,  
42 West 23d Street, New York.



## THE North American Review FOR NOVEMBER.

Contains:  
An Article by the Hon.

**J. G. BLAINE,**  
ON THE  
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

ALSO AN ARTICLE ON  
THE DEMOCRATIC OUTLOOK,  
By Hon. W. F. HARRITY,  
Chairman of the National Democratic Com.

OTHER IMPORTANT ARTICLES:  
The Scandinavian in the United States. By PROF. H. H. BOYSEN.  
Politics and the Pulpit. By REV. BISHOP FOSS.  
What Cholera Costs Commerce. By ERASTUS WIMAN.  
Waste Products Made Useful. By the RT. HON. LORD PLAYFAIR.  
How to Solve the School Question. By MGR. O'REILLY.

**ERNEST RENAN.**  
By COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

Swiss and French Election Methods. By KARL BLIND.  
Quarantine at New York. By DR. W. T. JENKINS.  
Health Officer of Port of N. Y.

Wanted, a New Party. By T. V. POWDERLY.

Are There Too Many of Us? By PRESIDENT E. B. ANDREWS.

Europe at the World's Fair: Germany. By the CONSUL-GENERAL AT BERLIN, Russia.

By the CONSUL-GEN. AT ST. PETERSBURG. Objections to Theatrical Life. By JENNIE A. EUSTACE.

Sanitation Versus Quarantine. By THOMAS HUGHES, D.D. &c., &c.

**NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,**  
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## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists. Warehouses, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y. **SOHMER & CO.,** Chicago, Ill., 284 State St.; San Francisco, Cal., Union Club Building; St. Louis, Mo., 1527 Olive St.; Kansas City, Mo., 1123 Main St.

## BEST & CO. LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR Well-Clad Children

Are not necessarily an expensive luxury. The Boys' Suits we sell at \$5 to \$6; Girls' Dresses, \$4 to \$10; Fur-trimmed Cloaks, \$8.25 to \$10.50, show that the advantages we offer are not confined to the wider choice, style, fit, etc., but that our prices also are unusually low for goods of the best grades.

All this comes from the extraordinary facilities of a large establishment devoted wholly to the special business of fitting out young people with everything from Hats to Shoes.

Mail orders have special attention.

Samples and illustrations of latest styles furnished on application.

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## KODAK "Daylight." This novel Kodak has a capacity of 24 exposures and can be loaded anywhere at any time. No dark room necessary. \$8.50 to \$25.00. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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For sale by all first-class druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Ask for HILL'S Tablets, and take no others. Particulars free by mail. Address: 51, 53, and 55 Opera Block, LIMA, O.

HILL'S CHLORIDE OF GOLD Tablets will completely destroy the desire for Tobacco in any form in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop Smoking or Chewing in a few days.

## EASILY CURED

## E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Manufacturers and Importers of

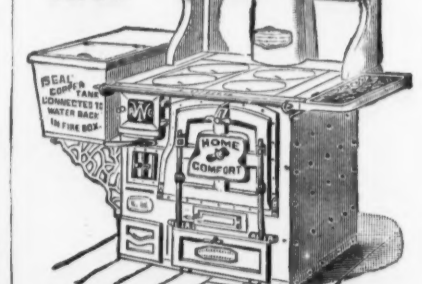
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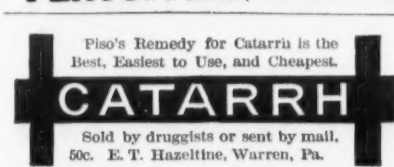
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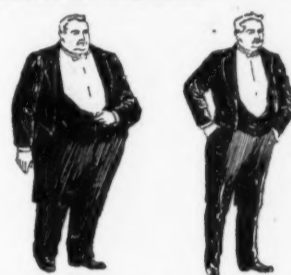
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